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THE
SHADOWY WATERS

By W. B. YEATS.



ACTING EDITION.

A. H. BULLEN,
47 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

1907.



from Pamph

THE SHADOWY WATERS,

*clean
title*
By W. B. YEATS.

ACTING VERSION,

As first played at the Abbey Theatre, December 8th, 1906.

15-1424
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THE SHADOWY WATERS.

FORGAEL.

AIBRIC.

SAILORS.

DECTORA.

SCENE. *The deck of an ancient ship. At the right of the stage is the mast, with a large square sail hiding a deal of the sky and sea on that side. The tiller is at the left of the stage ; it is a long oar coming through an opening in the bulwark. The deck rises into a high poop behind the tiller, and the stern of the ship curves overhead. There is a stringed instrument upon the poop. All the wood-work is of dark green ; and the sail is dark green, with a blue pattern upon it, having a little copper colour here and there. The sky and sea are dark blue. All the persons of the play are dressed in various tints of green and blue, the men with helmets and swords of copper, the woman with copper ornaments upon her dress. When the play opens there are four persons upon the deck. AIBRIC stands by the tiller. FORGAEL sleeps upon the raised portion of the deck. Two sailors are watching him.*

First Sailor. It is long enough, and too long, FORGAEL has been bringing us through the waste places of the great sea.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Second Sailor. We did not meet with a ship to make a prey of these eight weeks, or any shore or island to plunder or to harry. It is a hard thing, age to be coming on me, and I not to get the chance of doing a robbery that would enable me to live quiet and honest to the end of my lifetime.

First Sailor. We are out since the new moon. What is worse again, it is the way we are in a ship, the barrels empty and my throat shrivelled with drought, and nothing to quench it but water only.

Forgael. [*In his sleep.*] Yes ; there, there ; that hair that is the colour of burning.

First Sailor. Listen to him now, calling out in his sleep.

Forgael. [*In his sleep.*] That pale forehead, that hair the colour of burning.

First Sailor. Some crazy dream he is in, and believe me it is no crazier than the thought he has waking. He is not the first that has had the wits drawn out from him through shadows and fantasies.

Second Sailor. That is what ails him. I have been thinking it this good while.

First Sailor. Do you remember that galley we sank at the time of the full moon ?

Second Sailor. I do. We were becalmed the same night, and he sat up there playing that old harp of his until the moon had set.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

First Sailor. I was sleeping up there by the bulwark, and when I woke in the sound of the harp a change came over my eyes, and I could see very strange things. The dead were floating upon the sea yet, and it seemed as if the life that went out of every one of them had turned to the shape of a man-headed bird—grey they were, and they rose up of a sudden and called out with voices like our own, and flew away singing to the west. Words like this they were singing: “Happiness beyond measure, happiness where the sun dies.”

Second Sailor. I understand well what they are doing. My mother used to be talking of birds of the sort. They are sent by the lasting watchers to lead men away from this world and its women to some place of shining women that cast no shadow, having lived before the making of the earth. But I have no mind to go following him to that place.

First Sailor. Let us creep up to him and kill him in his sleep.

Second Sailor. I would have made an end of him long ago, but that I was in dread of his harp. It is said that when he plays upon it he has power over all the listeners, with or without the body, seen or unseen, and any man that listens grows to be as mad as himself.

First Sailor. What way can he play it, being in his sleep?

Second Sailor. But who would be our Captain then

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

to make out a course from the Bear and the Pole-star, and to bring us back home ?

First Sailor. I have that thought out. We must have AIBRIC with us. He knows the constellations as well as Forgael. He is a good hand with the sword. Join with us ; be our Captain, Aibric. We are agreed to put an end to Forgael before he wakes. There is no man but will be glad of it when it is done. Join with us, and you will have the Captain's share and profit.

Aibric. Silence ! for you have taken Forgael's pay.

First Sailor. Little pay we have had this twelve-month. We would never have turned against him if he had brought us, as he promised, into seas that would be thick with ships. That was the bargain. What is the use of knocking about and fighting as we do unless we get the chance to drink more wine and kiss more women than lasting peaceable men through their long lifetime ? You will be as good a leader as ever he was himself, if you will but join us.

Aibric. And do you think that I will join myself To men like you, and murder him who has been My master from my earliest childhood up.
No ! nor to a world of men like you
When Forgael's in the other scale. Come ! come !
I'll answer to more purpose when you have drawn
That sword out of its scabbard.

First Sailor. You have awaked him. We had best go, for we have missed this chance.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Forgael. Have the birds passed us ? I could hear
your voice.

But there were others.

Aibric. I have seen nothing pass.

Forgael. You are certain of it. I never wake from
sleep

But that I am afraid they may have passed.

For they're my only pilots. I have not seen them

For many days, and yet there must be many

Dying at every moment in the world.

Aibric. They have all but driven you crazy, and
already

The sailors have been plotting for your death,

And all the birds have cried into your ears,

Has lured you on to death.

Forgael. No ; but they promised—

Aibric. I know their promises. You have told
me all.

They are to bring you to unheard of passion,

To some strange love the world knows nothing of.

Some ever-living woman as you think,

One that can cast no shadows, being unearthly.

But that's all folly. Turn the ship about,

Sail home again, be some fair woman's friend ;

Be satisfied to live like other men,

And drive impossible dreams away. The world

Has beautiful women to please every man.

Forgael. But he that gets their love after the fashion
Loves in brief longing and deceiving hope

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

And bodily tenderness, and finds that even
The bed of love, that in the imagination
Had seemed to be the giver of all peace,
Is no more than a wine cup in the tasting,
And as soon finished.

Aibric. All that ever loved
Have loved that way—there is no other way.

Forgael. Yet never have two lovers kissed but they
Believed there was some other near at hand,
And almost wept because they could not find it.

Aibric. When they have twenty years ; in middle
life
They take a kiss for what a kiss is worth,
And let the dream go by.

Forgael. It's not a dream,
But the reality that makes our passion
As a lamp shadow—no—no lamp, the sun.
What the world's million lips are thirsting for,
Must be substantial somewhere.

Aibric. I have heard the Druids
Mutter such things as they awake from trance.
It may be that the ever-living know it—
No mortal can.

Forgael. It may be that you have hit it,
And there's no fountain of reality
But trance alone, that we should be at peace
Could we but give us wholly to the dreams,
And get into their world that to the sense

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Is shadow, and not linger wretchedly
Among substantial things ; for it is dreams
That lift us to the flowing, changing world
That the heart longs for. What is love itself,
Even though it be the lightest of light love,
But dreams that hurry from beyond the world
To make low laughter more than meat and drink,
Though it but set us sighing—Aibric, Aibric
Could we but mix ourselves into a dream,
Not in its image on the mirror.

Aibric.

While

We're in the body that's impossible.
None but the dead or those that never lived
Can know that ecstasy. At the dream's end
The dreamer wakes to know that he is wretched.

Forgael. I only of all living men shall find it.

Aibric. Then seek it in the habitable world,
Or leap into that sea and end a journey
That has no other end.

Forgael. I cannot answer.

I can see nothing plain ; all's mystery.
Yet, sometimes there's a torch inside my head
That makes all clear, but when the light is gone
I have but images, analogies,
The mystic bread, the sacramental wine,
The red rose where the two shafts of the cross,
Body and soul, waking and sleep, death, life,
Whatever meaning ancient allegorists

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Have settled on, are mixed into one joy.
For what's the rose but that ; miraculous cries,
Old stories about mystic marriages,
Impossible truths. But when the torch is lit
All that is impossible is certain,
I plunge in the abyss.

[*SAILORS come in*].

First Sailor. Look there ! There in the mist ! A ship of spices.

Second Sailor. We would not have noticed her but for the sweet smell through the air. Ambergris and sandalwood, and all the herbs the witches bring from the sunrise.

First Sailor. No ; but opoponax and cinnamon.

Forgael. [*Taking the tiller from Aibric.*] The ever-living have kept my bargain for me, and paid you on the nail.

Aibric. Take up that rope to make her fast while we are plundering her.

First Sailor. There is a king on her deck, and a queen. Where there is one woman it is certain there will be others.

Aibric. Speak lower or they'll hear.

First Sailor. They cannot hear ; they are too much taken up with one another. Look ! he has stooped down and kissed her on the lips.

Second Sailor. When she finds out we have as good men aboard she may not be too sorry in the end.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

First Sailor. She will be as dangerous as a wild cat. These queens think more of the riches and the great name they get by marriage than of a ready hand and a strong body.

Second Sailor. There is nobody is natural but a robber. That is the reason the whole world goes tottering about upon its bandy legs.

Aibric. Run at them now, and overpower the crew while yet asleep.

[SAILORS and AIBRIC go out. *The clashing of swords is heard from the other ship, which cannot be seen because of the sail.*]

Forgael. [Who has remained at the tiller]. There ! There !

They come ! Gull, gannet, or diver,
But with a man's head, or a fair woman's.
They hover over the masthead awhile
To wait their friends, but when their friends have come
They'll fly upon that secret way of their's,
One—and one—a couple—five together.
And I will hear them talking in a minute.
Yes ! voices ; but I do not catch the words.
And now they all wheel suddenly and fly
To the other side, and higher in the air,
And now a laggard with a woman's head
Comes crying, " I have run upon the sword,
I have fled to my beloved in the air,
In the waste of the high air, that we may wander
Among the windy meadows of the dawn."

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

But why are they still waiting ? Why are they
Circling and circling over the masthead ?
Ah ! now they all look down—they'll speak of me
What the ever-living put into their minds,
And of that shadowless unearthly woman
At the world's end. I hear the message now.
But it's all mystery. There's one that cries,
" From love and hate." Before the sentence ends
Another breaks upon it with a cry,
" From love and death and out of sleep and waking."
And with the cry another cry is mixed,
" What can we do being shadows ? " All mystery.
And I am drunken with a dizzy light.
But why do they still hover overhead ?
Why are you circling there ? Why do you linger ?
Why do you not run to your desire ?
Now that you have happy winged bodies.
Being too busy in the air, and the high air,
They cannot hear my voice. But why that circling ?

[*The SAILORS have returned. DECTORA is with them. She is dressed in pale green, with copper ornaments on her dress, and has a copper crown upon her head. Her hair is dull red.*]

Forgael. [*Turning and seeing her.*] Why are you
standing with your eyes upon me ?
You are not the world's core. O no, no, no !
That cannot be the meaning of the birds.
You are not its core. My teeth are in the world,
But have not bitten yet.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Dectora. I am a queen,
And ask for satisfaction upon these
Who have slain my husband and laid hands upon me.

[*Breaking loose from the SAILORS who are holding her*].

Let go my hands.

Forgael. Why do you cast a shadow ?
Where do you come from ? Who brought you to this
place ?
They would not send me one that casts a shadow.

Dectora. Would that the storm that overthrew my
ships,
And drowned the treasures of nine conquered nations,
And blew me hither to my lasting sorrow,
Had drowned me also. But, being yet alive,
I ask a fitting punishment for all
That raised their hands against him.

Forgael. There are some
That weigh and measure all in these waste seas—
They that have all the wisdom that's in life,
And all that prophesying images
Made of dim gold rave out in secret tombs ;
They have it that the plans of kings and queens
Are dust on the moth's wing ; that nothing matters
But laughter and tears—laughter, laughter, and tears
That every man should carry his own soul
Upon his shoulders.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Dectora.

You've nothing but wild

words,

And I would know if you would give me vengeance.

Forgael. When she finds out that I will not let her go—

When she knows that.

Dectora.

What is it that you are

muttering—

That you'll not let me go? I am a queen.

Forgael. Although you are more beautiful than any,
almost long that it were possible ;

But if I were to put you on that ship,
With sailors that were sworn to do your will,
And you had spread a sail for home, a wind
Would rise of a sudden, or a wave so huge,
It had washed among the stars and put them out,
And beat the bulwark of your ship on mine,
Until you stood before me on the deck—
As now.

Dectora.

Does wandering in these

desolate seas

And listening to the cry of wind and wave
Bring madness ?

Forgael.

Queen, I am not mad.

Dectora. And yet you say the water and the wind
Would rise against me.

Forgael.

No, I am not mad—

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

If it be not that hearing messages
From lasting watchers that outlive the moon,
At the most quiet midnight is to be stricken.

Dectora. And did those watchers bid you take me
captive ?

Forgael. Both you and I are taken in the net.
It was their hands that plucked the winds awake
And blew you hither ; and their mouths have promised
I shall have love in their immortal fashion.
They gave me that old harp of the nine spells
That is more mighty than the sun and moon,
Or than the shivering casting-net of the stars,
That none might take you from me.

Dectora. [*First trembling back from the mast where
the harp is, and then laughing.*]

For a moment
Your raving of a message and a harp
More mighty than the stars half troubled me.
But all that's raving. Who is there can compel
The daughter and grand-daughter of kings
To be his bedfellow ?

Forgael. Until your lips
Have called me their beloved, I'll not kiss them.

Dectora. My husband and my king died at my
feet,
And yet you talk of love.

Forgael. The movement of time

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Is shaken in these seas, and what one does
One moment has no might upon the moment
That follows after.

Dectora.

I understand you now.

You have a Druid craft of wicked sound.
Wrung from the cold women of the sea—
A magic that can call a demon up.
Until my body give you kiss for kiss.

Forgael. Your soul shall give the kiss.

Dectora.

I am not afraid,

While there's a rope to run into a noose
Or wave to' drown. But I have done with words,
And I would have you look into my face
And know that it is fearless.

Forgael.

Do what you will,

For neither I nor you can break a mesh
Of the great golden net that is about us.

Dectora. There's nothing in the world that's
worth a fear.

*[She passes FORGAEL and stands for a moment
looking into his face].*

I have good reason for that thought.

[She runs suddenly on to the raised part of the poop].

And now

I can put fear away as a queen should.

*[She mounts on the bulwark and turns towards
FORGAEL].*

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Fool, fool ! Although you have looked into my face
You did not see my purpose. I shall have gone
Before a hand can touch me.

Forgael. [*Folding his arms*]. My hands
are still ;

The ever-living hold us. Do what you will,
You cannot leap out of the golden net.

First Sailor. There is no need for you to drown.
Give us our pardon and we will bring you home on your
own ship, and make an end of this man that is leading
us to death.

Dectora. I promise it.

Aibric. I am on his side.
I'd strike a blow for him to give him time
To cast his dreams away.

First Sailor. He has put a sudden darkness over
the moon.

Dectora. Nine swords with handles of rhinoceros
horn
To him that strikes him first.

First Sailor. I will strike him first. No ! he has
brought down fire out of the moon ; he is holding it
between us.

Second Sailor. Fire from the moon. If that strikes
into us it will burn out the strength and the marrow
from our bones.

Dectora. I'll give a golden galley full of fruit

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

That has the heady flavour of new wine
To him that wounds him to the death.

Second Sailor. I'll strike at him. His spells will die with him and vanish away.

Second Sailor. I'll strike at him whatever fire from the moon he is holding up to save him.

The Others. And I! And I! And I!

First Sailor. [*Falling into a dream*]. It is what they are saying. There is some person dead in the other ship; We have to go and wake him. They did not say what way he came to his end, but it was sudden.

Second Sailor. You are right, you are right. We have to go to that wake.

Dectora. He has flung a Druid spell upon the air,
And set you dreaming.

Second Sailor. What way can we raise a keen, not knowing what name to call him by?

First Sailor. Come on to his ship. His name will come to mind in a moment. All I know is he died a thousand years ago, and was never yet waked.

Second Sailor. How can we wake him having no ale?

First Sailor. I saw a skin of ale aboard her—a pigskin of brown ale.

Third Sailor. Come to the ale, a pigskin of brown ale, a goatskin of yellow.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

First Sailor. [Singing]. Brown ale and yellow ;
yellow and brown ale ; a goatskin of yellow.

All. [Singing]. Brown ale and yellow ; yellow
and brown ale !

[SAILORS go out].

Dectora. Protect me now, gods, that my people
swear by.

[AIBRIC has risen from the ground where he had
fallen. He has begun looking for his sword as
if in a dream].

Aibric. Where is my sword that fell out of my hand
When I first heard the news ? Ah, there it is !

[He goes dreamily towards the sword, but DECTORA
runs at it and takes it up before he can reach it].

Aibric. [Sleepily]. Queen, give it me.

Dectora. No, I have need of it,

Aibric. Why do you need a sword ? But you
may keep it,
Now that he's dead I have no need of it,
For everything is gone.

A SAILOR. [Calling from the other ship].
Come hither, Aibric,
And tell me who it is that we are waking.

Aibric. [Half to DECTORA, half to himself].
What name had that dead king ? Arthur of Britain ?
No, no—not Arthur. I remember now.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

It was golden-armed Iollan, and he died
Brokenhearted, having lost his queen
Through wicked spells. That is not all the tale,
For he was killed. O! O! O! O! O! O!
For golden-armed Iollan has been killed.

[He goes out. While he has been speaking, and through part of what follows one hears the singing of the SAILORS from the other ship. DECTORA stands with the sword lifted in front of FORGAEL].

Dectora. I will end all your magic on the instant.

[Her voice becomes dreamy, and she lowers the sword slowly, and finally lets it fall. She spreads out her hair. She takes off her crown and lays it upon the deck].

This sword is to lie beside him in the grave.
It was in all his battles. I will spread my hair,
And wring my hands, and wail him bitterly,
For I have heard that he was proud and laughing,
Blue-eyed, and a quick runner on bare feet,
And that he died a thousand years ago.
O! O! O!

[FORGAEL changes the tune].

But no, that is not it.
I knew him well, and while I heard him laughing
They killed him at my feet. O! O! O! O!
For golden-armed Iollan that I loved.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

But what is it that made me say I loved him ?
It was that harper put it in my thoughts,
But it is true. Why did they run upon him,
And beat the golden helmet with their swords ?

Forgael. Do you not know me, lady ? I am he
That you are weeping for.

Dectora. No, for he is dead.
O ! O ! O ! for golden-armed Iollan.

Forgael. It was so given out, but I will prove
That the grave-diggers in a dreamy frenzy
Have buried nothing but my golden arms.
Listen to that low-laughing string of the moon
And you will recollect my face and voice,
For you have listened to me playing it
These thousand years.

*[He starts up, listening to the birds. The harp
slips from his hands, and remains leaning against
the bulwarks behind him. The light goes out
of it].*

What are the birds at there ?
Why are they all a-flutter of a sudden ?
What are you calling out above the mast ?
If railing and reproach and mockery
Because I have awakened her to love
My magic strings, I'll make this answer to it :
Being driven on by voices and by dreams
That were clear messages from the ever-living,

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

I have done right. What could I but obey ?
And yet you make a clamour of reproach.

Dectora. [*Laughing*]. Why, it's a wonder out of
reckoning
That I should keen him from the full of the moon
To the horn, and he be hale and hearty.

Forgael. How have I wronged her now that she
is merry ?
But no, no, no ! your cry is not against me.
You know the councils of the ever-living,
And all the tossing of your wings is joy,
And all that murmuring's but a marriage song ;
But if it be reproach, I answer this :
There is not one among you that made love
By any other means. You call it passion,
Consideration, generosity ;
But it was all deceit, and flattery
To win a woman in her own despite,
For love is war, and there is hatred in it ;
And if you say that she came willingly——

Dectora. Why do you turn away and hide your
face,
That I would look upon for ever ?

Forgael. My grief.

Dectora. Have I not loved you for a thousand
years ?

Forgael. I never have been golden-armed Iollan.

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Dectora. I do not understand. I know your
face
Better than my own hands.

Forgael. I have deceived you
Out of all reckoning.

Dectora. Is it not true
That you were born a thousand years ago,
In islands where the children of Aengus wind
In happy dances under a windy moon,
And that you'll bring me to her ?

Forgael. I have deceived you ;
I have deceived you utterly.

Dectora. How can that be ?
Is it that though your eyes are full of love
Some other woman has a claim on you,
And I've but half ?

Forgael Oh, no !

Dectora. And if there is,
If there be half a hundred more, what matter ?
I'll never give another thought to it ;
No, no, nor half a thought ; but do not speak.
Women are hard and proud and stubborn-hearted,
Their heads being turned with praise and flattery ;
And that is why their lovers are afraid
To tell them a plain story.

Forgael. That's not the story ;
But I have done so great a wrong against you,

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

There is no measure that it would not burst.
I will confess it all.

Dectora. What do I care,
Now that my body has begun to dream,
And you have grown to be a burning sod
In the imagination and intellect ?
If something that's most fabulous were true—
If you had taken me by magic spells,
And killed a lover or husband at my feet—
I would not let you speak, for I would know
That it was yesterday and not to-day
I loved him ; I would cover up my ears,
As I am doing now. [*A pause*]. Why do you weep ?

Forgael. I weep because I've nothing for your eyes
But desolate waters and a battered ship.

Dectora. O, why do you not lift your eyes to mine ?

Forgael. I weep—I weep because bare night's
above,
And not a roof of ivory and gold.

Dectora. I would grow jealous of the ivory roof,
And strike the golden pillars with my hands.
I would that there was nothing in the world
But my beloved—that night and day had perished,
And all that is and all that is to be,
All that is not the meeting of our lips.

Forgael. I too, I too. Why do you look away?
Am I to fear the waves, or is the moon
My enemy?

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Dectora. I looked upon the moon,
Longing to knead and pull it into shape
That I might lay it on your head as a crown.
But now it is your thoughts that wander away,
For you are looking at the sea. Do you not know
How great a wrong it is to let one's thought
Wander a moment when one is in love ?

[*He has moved away. She follows him. He is
looking out over the sea, shading his eyes*].

Dectora. Why are you looking at the sea ?

Forgael. Look there !

Dectora. What is there but a troop of ash-grey birds
That fly into the west ?

Forgael. But listen, listen !

Dectora. What is there but the crying of the birds ?

Forgael. If you'll but listen closely to that crying
You'll hear them calling out to one another
With human voices.

Dectora. O, I can hear them now
What are they ? Unto what country do they fly ?

Forgael. They have been circling over our heads
in the air,
But now that they have taken to the road
We have to follow, for they are our pilots ;
They're crying out. Can you not hear their cry—

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

“ There is a country at the end of the world
Where no child’s born but to outlive the moon.”

[*The SAILORS come in with AIBRIC. They are in great excitement*].

Aibric. We have lit upon a treasure that’s so great
Imagination cannot reckon it.

The hold is full—boxes of precious spice,
Ivory images with amethyst eyes,
Dragons with eyes of ruby. The whole ship
Flashes as if it were a net of herrings.
Let us return to our own country, Forgael,
And spend it there. Have you not found this queen ?
What more have you to look for on the seas ?

Forgael. I cannot—I am going on to the end.
As for this woman, I think she is coming with me.

Aibric. Speak to him, lady, and bid him turn the
ship.

He knows that he is taking you to death ;
He cannot contradict me.

Dectora. Is that true ?

Forgael. I do not know for certain, but I know
That I have the best of pilots.

Aibric. Shadows, illusions,
That the shape-changers, the ever-laughing ones,
The immortal mockers have cast into his mind,
Or called before his eyes.

Dectora. O carry me
To some sure country, some familiar place.
Have we not everything that life can give
In having one another ?

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Forgael. How could I rest
If I refused the messengers and pilots
With all those sights and all that crying out ?

Dectora. But I will cover up your eyes and ears,
That you may never hear the cry of the birds,
Or look upon them.

Forgael. Were they but lowlier
I'd do your will, but they are too high—too high.

Dectora. Being too high, their heady prophecies
But harry us with hopes that come to nothing,
Because we are not proud, imperishable,
Alone and winged.

Forgael. Our love shall be like theirs
When we have put their changeless image on.

Dectora. I am a woman, I die at every breath.

Aibric. Let the birds scatter for the tree is broken.
And there's no help in words. [*To the SAILORS*]. To
the other ship,

And I will follow you and cut the rope
When I have said farewell to this man here,
For neither I nor any living man
Will look upon his face again.

[SAILORS *go out*].

Forgael. [To DECTORA]. Go with him,
For he will shelter you and bring you home.

Aibric. [Taking FORGAEL'S hand]. I'll do it for his sake.

Dectora. No. Take this sword
And cut the rope, for I go on with Forgael.

Aibric. Farewell ! Farewell ! *[He goes out].*

THE SHADOWY WATERS.

Dectora. The sword is in the rope—
The rope's in two—it falls into the sea,
It whirls into the foam. O ancient worm,
Dragon that loved the world and held us to it,
You are broken, you are broken. The world drifts
away,

And I am left alone with my beloved,
Who cannot put me from his sight for ever.
We are alone for ever, and I laugh,
Forgael, because you cannot put me from you.
The mist has covered the heavens, and you and I
Shall be alone for ever. We two—this crown—
I half remember. It has been in my dreams.
Bend lower, O king, that I may crown you with it.
O flower of the branch, O bird among the leaves,
O silver fish that my two hands have taken
Out of the running stream, O morning star,
Trembling in the blue heavens like a white fawn
Upon the misty border of the wood,
Bend lower, that I may cover you with my hair,
For we will gaze upon this world no longer.

*[The scene darkens, and the harp once more begins to
burn as with fire].*

Forgael. *[Gathering DECTORA'S hair about him].*

Beloved, having dragged the net about us,
And knitted mesh to mesh, we grow immortal;
And that old harp awakens of itself
To cry aloud to the grey birds, and dreams,
That have had dreams for fathers, live in us.

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